

MECHANIC'S



ADVOCATE.

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE MECHANIC, AND THE ELEVATION OF LABOR.

JOHN TANNER,]

Late Publisher of the Mechanic's Mirror,

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

A weekly paper, devoted to the interests of the Mechanics Mutual Protection, and the Elevation of Labor.

JOHN TANNER, Editor.

THE MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE is published every Thursday morning, at No. 24 Commercial Building, corner Broadway and Hudson-st., at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM in advance.

It has now become imperative that the mechanic should have a weekly paper so that he can sit down on Saturday evening, and read the events of the week, the improvements in science, and also refresh his mind with the choice literature of the day. From every quarter, we have been solicited to do so; and the substance of every letter that we have received on the subject, has been, "The Mechanics ought to have a weekly paper of their own."

The MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE, will be printed in eight large pages suitable for binding. It will embrace under its separate departments the choicest selections from the best works, original articles from the pens of eminent Mechanics, lists of Inventions, and the most important and stirring news of the week in a correct and condensed form.

We have engaged many of the most distinguished Mechanics in the United States, as Contributors to our columns. It will be emphatically the Mechanic's Advocate and Fireside Companion. From repeated assurances we have no doubt that the Mechanics of our State and Country will give us a hearty and united support. We would therefore ask our friends to interest themselves in our behalf, and the elevation of their fellow craftsmen.

All communications must be addressed to JOHN TANNER, No. 24 Commercial Buildings, Albany.

TAKE NOTICE.—Tanner's Publication Office, has been removed from the Exchange, to No. 24 Commercial Buildings, where he will be happy to receive the calls of his Mechanic friends.

JOHN HARBISON General Travelling Agent.

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS!!

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

That Post-Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers for the MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE, during the year between January 1, 1847, and January 1, 1848 (the papers to be mailed to such Post-Office or to subscribers through it), shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions, gratuitously, for one year after the expiration of the year for which the subscriptions shall have been paid.

The paper will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves, or the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the cases may be.

As our Agents are now out, it will be well for our mechanic friends to give them a large list, as there is at least some extra inducement to subscribe, aside from the cheapness of the work.

City Circulation.—Additional Carriers are required to complete our city organization. Employment and excellent advantages will be given to twenty intelligent and active carriers who may wish to organize routes.

Songs of Labor.

SONG OF THE ARTIZAN.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Sing, comrades, sing!
We are part of the State, who labor,
As well as our wealthy neighbor,
And each, in his sphere, a king.
We laugh when the rich mention
Their wonderful condescension,
In taking our hands with dainty grips,
Undaunted by labor's crime,
And giving us love, on their lying lips,
About the election-time.
Sing, comrades, sing!
We are part of the State, who labor,
As well as our wealthy neighbor,
And each, in his sphere, a king.
Sing, comrades, sing!
Not alone in the workshop's clamor,
When wielding the saw and hammer,
Is each of us here, a king.
For as part of our noble nation,
We stand in a glorious station,
And learn to think, at every clink,
Whatever the fools may say;
We are bound to the State with a golden link
And force it on its way,
Sing, comrades, sing!
We are part of the State, who labor,
As well as our wealthy neighbor,
And each, in his sphere, a king.

Sing, comrades, sing!
We are lords of a mighty nation.
Her glory is our creation,
And each is as high as a king.
For we set the STATE in motion,
As kings do over the ocean;
And in never a deed may our rulers speed
Till we say how and when—
For we feel in our power and purpose strong,
And we know that we are men.
Sing, comrades, sing!
We are part of the state, who labor,
As well as our wealthy neighbor,
And each, in his sphere, a king.

SHRINK NOT FROM TOIL.

BY WM. H. BUSHNELL.

"The Mechanic, Sir, is God's Nobleman!"

Shrink not from toil, the sweat drops
Thy care-worn brows that gem,
Are nobler far than diamond's blaze,
Or regal diadem;
Are princeless jewels in thy crown,
More glorious, holier far,
Than blood bought wreaths by conq'ror won
In War's triumphal car.
Shrink not from toil, true manhood
Owns ye the best of earth,
Through want has dogg'd you every step,
As blood-hounds from your birth;
Though when the evening's sun had sunk
Behind the dusky cloud,
Still bent ye o'er the heavy task,
Thy aching sinews bowed.
Shrink not, and oh, despise not,
The toil-stained brow and hand,
They're an emblem of our majesty,
The lordly of the land.
They tell of noble victory,
Against the cares of earth,
And harden'd hands abode war's shock
In days of Freedom's birth.

Shrink not from toil, what reck's it,
Though stain'd thy sinewy hand,
And swarth thy brow as summer's sun,
In Ethiop's dusky land.
What though thy form is bent by toil,
Till grace ne'er claims a part;
It matters not, if pure thy soul—
Unbent by vice, thy heart.

Shrink not from toil, though ill repaid,
Though worldling pass ye by,
With scowl upon his pamper'd lip,
And smile within his eye.
True manhood will respect you,
True fame shall be thy meed,
And folly shrink before thine arm,
Raised in the hour of need.

Then shrink not, fear not thou stern toil;
Wield well thy heavy sledge;
Urge on the plane, the grating saw;
Sink deep the riving wedge.
Wring from the earth her hoarded wealth;
Brave the wild stormy sea;
The hand that toil'd to frame the earth,
Shall guard and cherish thee. *Scien. Am.*
Chicago, (Ill.) Dec. 1846.

Select Reading for the People.

QUINTIN MATSYS, THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

(CONTINUED.)

V. The first parting.

Two years passed lightly over Quintin's head, bringing with them much happiness and little care. It seemed as if the meeting with Lisa had been the turning of their fortunes; from that time friends sprung up for the widow; and Johann Mandyn himself, the father of Lisa, helped Quintin to obtain work with the influence he possessed. But he was poor, and had little sympathy beyond his art, in which he placed his sole delight. Quintin and Lisa were inseparable in their childish friendship; the artist's daughter felt no scorn for the blacksmith's son, for she was too young to think of difference of station. Quintin worked at the forge, where he was invaluable, and his mother spun; so that the week's earnings were sufficient for the week's need, and poverty was no longer dreaded in the widow's now cheerful home. Gretchen became once more the stout; rosy, and good-humored Flemish dame; for time heals all griefs, even the bitterest; and it is well that it should be so. A long-indulged sorrow for the dead, or for any other hopeless loss, would deaden our sympathies for those still left, and thus make a sinful apathy steal over the soul, absorbing all its powers, and causing the many blessings of life to be felt as curses. As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter, so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers. It is a beautiful and a blessed world we live in, and whilst that life lasts, to lose the enjoyment of it is sin.

Gretchen's restoration to peace after her heavy trials was in a great measure owing to the influence of Lisa. This child was one of those sweet creatures who steal into our hearts like a gleam of sunshine. Why this was so, it was impossible to tell: she was not clever above her years, nor fascinating through her beauty, which then was not conspicuous; but there seemed an atmosphere of love around her which pervaded everything and every one with its influence. It was impossible not to love Lisa.

A good man once said to his daughter—'Why is it that every one loves you?' 'I do not know,' answered

the child, 'except that it is because I love everybody.' This was the secret of Lisa's power of winning universal affection. Her little heart seemed brimming over with kind words and good deeds. She was never seen gloomy or unhappy, because her whole delight consisted in indulging her love of bestowing pleasure on others, and therefore she never knew what it was to be sad. People may talk as they will, but it is in ourselves alone that the materials of happiness are to be found. Even love—we mean household, family love—need not always be reciprocal at first. A gentle and loving spirit, though it may seem for a long time fruitless, will at last win love in return. It is useless to say, 'I would be kind and affectionate if he or she would be so in return.' Let us begin by showing love, and a requital will not fail us in the end.

Quintin's character matured rapidly. If his manly and resolute mind had wanted any thing, it was the charm of gentleness, and this he learned from Lisa. They continued to call one another by the sweet names of brother and sister, and certainly no tie of kindred could be stronger than theirs. Lisa taught Quintin much that the misfortunes of his youth had prevented him from learning, so that he no longer lamented his ignorance of reading and writing—acquirements very uncommon in his present sphere, but which his ardent mind had always eagerly longed after. His bodily frame grew with his mental powers, and, at thirteen, Quintin was a tall and active youth, though never very strong. To say he loved the occupation which he pursued so steadily, and in which he was so successful, would not be true; and here it was that the quiet heroism of his character appeared. Quintin's heart was not in the forge, and the more learning he acquired, the more he felt this distaste increase. But he never told his mother, for he knew that it would detract from her happiness, and he manfully struggled against his own regrets.

When Quintin had attained his fourteenth year, a change took place in his fortunes. The young blacksmith, with the native taste that was inherent in him, had worked a number of iron rails with such ingenious ornaments, that the purchaser, a rich burgher of Antwerp, sent to inquire whose hand had done them.—Quintin's master informed him; and the answer was that the young workman should immediately go to the burgher, who had found him employment in the city.

A grand event was this in the boy's life. He had never seen Antwerp, but he and Lisa had often sat together on summer evenings, watching the beautiful spires of the cathedral, while the little girl told him of all the wonders it contained; for Lisa inherited all her father's love of art. Now Quintin was about to realize these wonderful sights; and when he got home he could hardly find words to tell his mother and Lisa the joyful news. Quintin was too happy to notice that, while his mother congratulated him on his good fortune, a tear stood in her eyes, and that little Lisa—she still kept the pet name, which suited her low stature and child-like manners, though she was, in truth, but little younger than Quintin—looked very sad immediately after the first surprise had passed away.

'Will you be long away, Brother Quintin?' asked she, laying her hand on his arm.

'Only two or three months; perhaps not that.'

'Three months seem a long time, when you have never left your mother before in your whole life,' said Gretchen mournfully.

Quintin then felt that his joy was almost unkind towards these dear ones, who would miss him so much. And yet it was such a good thing for him to find work at Antwerp; he would be well paid, and it was the sort of labor which he liked much better than his hard and uninteresting work at the forge. He urged all these arguments, except the last, to his mother and Lisa, and was successful in quieting their alarms, and in hushing their grief at losing him for a time. He was to leave the next morning, for there must be no delay, and the necessary preparations distracted Gretchen's thoughts from the approaching parting. Lisa assisted too, but her little fingers trembled while she tied up the small bundle in which Quintin's worldly wealth was deposited. He, good thoughtful boy, though his own heart sank after the first burst of delight, did not fail to cheer them both with merry speeches, telling Lisa that he would need a wagon and horses to bring home his goods, instead of the handkerchief in which they were taken thence, and such-like cheerful sayings—with little humor, but much good-natured cheerfulness.

Nevertheless, when all was ended, and the three sat down to their last meal together for some time, Gretchen's courage failed. She looked at her son; she thought struck her how soon his place would be vacant, and she burst into tears. Quintin consoled her. He felt almost ready to cry himself; but a boy of fourteen must not yield to such weakness, so he forcibly drove the tears back to their source. Lisa did not speak, but

she changed color, and several large bright drops slid silently down her cheek, and fell on her empty plate.

'Come, mother dear,' said Quintin at last, 'we really must not all look so very melancholy; I shall be quite too full of importance if you cry over me so much. And I shall be so rich when I come home. This will be the best winter we have had yet. You shall not spin any more, mother; indeed there will be no need, I shall be so independent. And three months will soon pass; Lisa will be near you; and, mother,' he added, gravely and affectionately, 'you can trust me to be good, to remember all you have taught me, and to love you as much as ever, though a few miles away from you.'

With such words did Quintin cheer the little party, until the time came for Lisa to go home. Her father, absorbed in his studies, though loving her sincerely, noticed her but little, and was content to leave her often for whole days with the blacksmith's widow, provided that Quintin brought her home at dusk. It was now summer-time, and the children went along the oft-trodden way together hand-in-hand. At length the moment for parting arrived, and how sad it was, need not be particularly described.

'Do not forget, sister Lisa,' were the last words Quintin heard from the child; and when the door of her father's house closed, and he saw her no more, Quintin felt more sorrowful than he had done since he beheld the cold earth thrown over his father.

VI. Quintin's Life at Antwerp.

It was a dull and dreary morning when Quintin set out on his journey. He was to proceed on foot to Antwerp; for in those days the poor and middling classes had to look to themselves alone for those powers of locomotion which are now open to every one. In the fifteenth century carriages were almost unknown; the sole mode of conveyance was on horseback; but the very wealthy, when aged or sick, indulged themselves with litters, or with rude wagons, drawn by horses. But none of these appliances of luxury were for Quintin Matsys; so he set forth on foot, carrying his bundle, tied to a stick, over his shoulder.

With the night had faded many of Quintin's brilliant anticipations of pleasure. When he awoke in the morning, and saw that the long drought had melted into rain, and that the dull mist rose up from the fields, shutting out from his view the city of his hopes, he would almost have been glad not to set out. At the last moment, when anticipation has vanished into certainty, it is seldom that we feel really happy in some pleasure long hoped for at last attained. So Quintin felt; and when he had indeed parted from his weeping mother—when he had lost sight of the cottage, passed the forge, and was out in the high road, he thought that if this was the first-fruits of good fortune, he had almost rather stay at home all his life.

But the boy had not gone far when the mist—it was only a summer's mist, like his own sadness—cleared away; the sun rose brightly, and the cathedral spires were bathed in its golden radiance. They seemed a beacon of future hope to Quintin's now cheerful heart. To a fanciful and enthusiastic spirit like his, a mere trifle—the passing of a cloud, the bursting of a sun-beam, the sudden carol of a bird—will drive away care, until we wonder why we were so heavy-hearted before; and this sudden susceptibility to pleasure, unless blunted by very sore afflictions, is indeed a great blessing. So it was with Quintin. Encouraged by the sunshine around him, he went hopefully on his way, and before sunset reached Antwerp.

The first view of a great and populous city is always striking. But the young blacksmith's mind was naturally of too high a tone to feel that stupid wonder with which such a sight would impress a country peasant who had less intellect than himself. Quintin walked through Antwerp, feeling himself elevated, not made lower, by the grandeur around him. Thus, when he came into the presence of his future patron, no false shame of self-abasement made him show to disadvantage the talents he possessed. The wealthy Herr Schmidt was pleased with him, and Quintin was at once placed with a clever iron-worker in the city.

The country youth now began a new life, which required all his energies. Left almost entirely to his own guidance, he acted as became the good boy he had always been, when his mother's eye was upon him, and her precepts in his ears. But he had so long been accustomed to judge for himself and for her, that this complete independence was scarcely new to him.—His sole regret was when, after his day's work, he returned to his lonely room in a narrow street, and missed the kind face and smile of welcome; when he had to prepare his frugal meal himself, and to eat it alone, without those almost invisible cares which a mother, sister, or wife's hand bestows, and which, though often unperceived and unacknowledged, yet sweeten the food. Then Quintin missed also the fra-

grant breath of country air coming in at his window; and while he grew taller, and his mind increased in strength and acquirements, his brown cheek became paler, and his frame more slender, through his city life. But Quintin had one grand object—he wanted to grow rich, that his mother's closing days might know all the comforts of wealth. Another impulse, too, which he scarce acknowledged to himself, spurred him on. He had grown wiser, since he had come to Antwerp. He then found out, for the first time, the difference the world shows between an artist's daughter and a poor blacksmith's son; that he and Lisa, when they grew up, could never call one another brother and sister. Other feelings than fraternal ones never entered into Quintin's simple mind; but he could not bear the thought of losing his sister Lisa; and the idea of raising his position in the world, so as to be able still to keep up the association with her, mingled in his ideas of gaining wealth for his mother to enjoy.

Quintin was not entirely without troubles, even in his good fortunes. His fellow-workmen envied his skill in fancy working in iron, and many a plan was laid to injure the youth in his master's estimation.—They stole from him his tools, complained of his overbearing conceit, and accused him of giving a false statement of his age, and representing himself as much younger than he really was, to gain his master's favor and approbation. This accusation Quintin's high spirit could ill brook. The principal weakness of his character was a want of gentleness, not surprising in one of his resolute temper, for the two qualities are seldom combined. He was more tried than ever he had been at home, when his sole troubles came from without; he had none from within, for in the little household all was peace. This last allegation roused him to anger.

'I a liar!—I tell a lie!' cried the indignant boy; 'I would not do it for the king himself. How dare you say so to my face?' and his eyes flashed with the violence of his feelings. His companions saw they had goaded him on too far; they said no more that day. Quintin went home, his spirit still chafing under the insult he had received, and there was no gentle Lisa to cast oil on the angry billows of his soul. The poor boy felt how lonely he was, and when he had shut the door, his anger melted into sorrow; he threw himself on his little bed, and covered his face, while hot tears of vexation, mingled with grief, burst through his fingers. His spirit was strong; but still Quintin was only a boy—not fifteen.

Next morning he rose and went courageously to work. He was making the iron cover to a well, wrought tastefully in a manner which he alone could do; therefore his master had intrusted him with it, and thus caused so much jealousy among the rest. When Quintin came to look for his tools, lo! hammer and file were gone. He inquired, first gently, then indignantly, for them; but his companions could not or would not, give him a satisfactory answer. His anger kindled, but they only taunted him the more.

'How will you make your fine well cover without hammer or file?' cried one.

'Here is a pretty plight for the first workman in Antwerp to be in!' said another.

'The young genius will never finish his work!' exclaimed a third, bursting into a loud laugh.

'I will finish it, though!' said Quintin, resolutely folding his arms, and standing before them with a determined air, though his face was very pale. 'I will finish it in spite of you all.'

He turned away, took up the rest of his tools, locked up himself, and his work in another part of the establishment, took no heed of the daily taunts which he met with, until the given time expired. The master came and asked for the well cover; it was done!—Quintin had finished it, as he said he would, without hammer or file. How he accomplished it no one could tell; but the workmanship was inimitable; and this testimony to the genius and determination of the young blacksmith may be seen to this day over a well near the cathedral of Antwerp.

VII. Disappointments.

Lisa's fears proved true: Quintin did not come home for several months, not until mid-winter; and when he did return, his adopted sister was not there to welcome him. Lisa, the affectionate Lisa, had departed with her father for Italy some time before. When Quintin returned, all that he found was a sisterly message left with his mother for him, and a lock of hair—one curl of the bright golden tresses which he had so many times twisted round his fingers in play. Quintin had, indeed, lost his sister Lisa.

This was not his only disappointment. He had ever been a delicate boy, and his constant work while at Antwerp, together with the confined air of the city, had injured his health. He was long before he would confess this to himself, for he could not bear to slack-

en in his exertions; so he still remained where he had abundance of work, sending the fruit of his earnings to his mother, and keeping but little for himself. At last his master, a kind hearted man, saw the sad change in the boy, who, listless and feeble, went about his work mechanically, without a smile or a hope. He sent Quintin home on his own horse, for the boy was now too feeble to walk, as he had done on his first entrance into Antwerp. And thus weakened in health, Quintin Matsys came home to his mother.

He had not known of Lisa's departure, and the closed-up, uninhabited dwelling, as he passed it, gave him a sudden alarm. When he learned the truth, it was a bitter disappointment to him, for his gentle little playmate had become entwined with every fibre of Quintin's heart. However, his fond mother's caresses were very sweet to the boy, who had been so long without them. Illness made him feel doubly how precious is a mother's love.

It was well that Quintin returned home in time; for he had not been there long, before a slow fever, the result of his anxious toil for so many months, seized him, and he was many weeks unable to move from the bed on which he lay. When he recovered a little, he was as feeble as a child. Gretchen watched and nursed him as in the days of his infancy; only too thankful to be spared the one absorbing dread to lose him forever, she did not think of the future. But when Quintin began to feel better, he pined over the good prospects his illness had blighted, and thought sadly how long a time must elapse before he would be able to follow his trade. This idea retarded his gaining strength, and gave a painful cast of anxiety to his thin and sharpened features, for which his mother could not account. She, thinking of nothing but him, had not noticed how gradually the earnings of the year had dwindled away, but Quintin often thought of this.

One day Gretchen had propped up her son with pillows in his chair, and placed him in the warm noon by the open window. He looked so worn to a shadow, with his long hair grown thin and straggling, as the hair does in continued illness, falling over his attenuated face, and his large full eyes fixed with a melancholy gaze on the sky, that his mother could not refrain from tears. She turned away, lest Quintin should see them, and busied herself with arranging her household affairs. She dusted the table and shelves, and then in her search for more occupation, came to the silver cup where she kept her money. Many an anxious gaze had she often cast on that little cup; and now she uncovered it, by an irresistible curiosity, to see how much it contained, for she had not looked in it lately. There was but a single silver piece! Gretchen stood with it in her hand for some minutes, looking dolefully at the poor remnant of her treasure. Quintin turned his head feebly round.

'What are you doing there so long, mother?' he asked.

His mother closed the cup, but not before he had seen what she was doing. 'How much money have you left, dear mother?' he said again; 'not much I fear.'

To conceal it would have distressed him more; so Gretchen showed her son the remaining coin.

Quintin's countenance fell—'Oh how unfortunate I am,' he cried, 'to have been ill here, instead of gaining money! But I know I am nearly well; I am sure I can walk now.' And he rose, but before he had moved three steps, he fell exhausted on the floor. Gretchen ran fearfully, and raised him; but all her consolations failed to re-assure him. Quintin—the brave hearted Quintin—for the first time in his life, sank into despair. He had still courage enough to conceal his feelings from his mother; but he could not speak, and she laid him in his bed, and sang him to sleep, as she had done when he was a little boy—not knowing how deep was the poor boy's misery and helplessness.

But this feeling could not last long in one of such energy as Quintin Matsys. Morning brought with it strength and hope, for in the long wakeful hours of night, he had thought of a good plan.

'Mother,' said Quintin, when she brought him his plain breakfast of milk and meal, and sat beside him, encouraging the slight appetite of the sick boy by all persuasive words which loving hearts so well know how to use—'mother, I have been thinking of a way to gain money.'

'Eat your breakfast, and tell me afterwards my dear boy,' said the anxious Gretchen. Quintin did so, and then began again to talk.

'You know, mother, when I was a child, I used to make all sorts of fanciful things in iron. Now, when I was at Antwerp, I saw that, in the grand religious processions, there were quantities of metal figures of saints used, and sold about the streets. I am sure I could make the same if I were to try; and the people buy such numbers, and give so high a price for them,

you cannot think!' And Quintin, half raising himself, rested his elbow on the pillow, and looked anxiously in his mother's face.

Gretchen smiled cheerfully, to encourage him. 'I think it is an excellent plan,' said she; 'but you must make haste and get strong, so as to be able to make these figures; and do not be too anxious, or you will be longer in recovering.'

'I will promise every thing,' answered Quintin; and his face grew brighter, so that his mother wondered to see how much better he looked.

Hope is the best physician in the world. Now that Quintin had something to look forward to, it was surprising how fast he improved. He was soon able to move about the room, and in a little time began to make the figures. His youthful skill returned, together with his childish pleasure in the work. Sickness brings us back to the enjoyment of simple and infantile pleasures; it takes away all the false gloss of the world, and restores our souls in some measure, to their early freshness; we feel again like children; child-like in our feebleness, child-like in our enjoyment of things that seem trifles to others.

Thus Quintin would sit for hours, contentedly forming the figures in clay, with his thin white fingers, that were, alas! incapable of harder work. Then he took moulds of them, into which his mother poured the molten metal, as Quintin had done in his first essay, many years before. At last a number of graceful little figures were made, at which his proud mother lifted up her hands and eyes in admiration. She took them to a kind and honest neighbor, who was going to the grand festival at Antwerp; he sold them all, and faithfully brought back the money; a sum sufficiently large to maintain, until Quintin's complete restoration, the widow and her diligent boy.

To be continued.

ASTRONOMICAL JEU D'ESPRIT—THE NEW PLANET.

M. LEVERRIER's splendid astronomical discovery has not only produced the most profound sensation and lively interest in the learned world, but has even extended farther, and been made the hobby for wits to ride upon for the amusement of that 'large and respectable class of persons' who have to grow fat by laughing. The following *jue d'esprit* on the subject of the new planet appears in the *Athenæum* under the title of *Astronomical Police Report*:

An ill looking kind of body, who declined to give any name, was brought before the Academy of Sciences, charged with having assaulted a gentleman of the name of Uranus in the public highway. The prosecutor was a youngish-looking person, wrapped up in two or three greatcoats, and looked chillier than anything imaginable, except the prisoner, whose teeth absolutely shook all the time.

Policeman, Leverrier stated that he saw the prosecutor walking along the pavement, and sometimes turning sideways, and sometimes running up to the railings and jerking about in a strange way. Calculated that somebody must be pulling his coat, or otherwise assaulting him. It was so dark, that he could not see; but thought, if he watched the direction in which the next odd move was made, he might find out something. When the time came, he set Brunnow, a constable in another division of the same force, to watch where he told him; and Brunnow caught the prisoner lurking about in the very spot, trying to look as if he was minding his own business. Had suspected for a long time that somebody was lurking about in the neighborhood: Brunnow was then called, and deposed to his catching the prisoner as described.

M. Arago: Was the prosecutor sober?

Leverrier: Lord! yes, your worship; no man who had a drop in him ever looks so cold as he did.

M. Arago: Did you see the assault?

Leverrier: I can't say I did; but I told Brunnow exactly how he'd be crouched down—just as he was.

M. Arago (to Brunnow): Did you see the assault?

Brunnow: No, your worship; but I caught the prisoner.

M. Arago: How do you know there was any assault at all?

Leverrier: I reckoned it couldn't be otherwise, when I saw the prosecutor making those odd turns on the pavement.

M. Arago: You reckon and you calculate! Why, you'll tell me next that you policemen may sit at home and find out all that's going on in the streets by arithmetic. Did you ever bring a case of this kind before me till now?

Leverrier: Why, you see, your worship, the police are growing cleverer and cleverer every day. We can't help it—it grows upon us.

M. Arago: You're getting too clever for me. What does the prosecutor know about the matter?

The prosecutor said all he knew was that he was pulled behind by somebody several times. On being further examined, he said that he had seen the prisoner often, but did not know his name, nor how he got his living; but had understood he was called Neptune. He himself had paid rates and taxes a good many years now. Had a family of six, two of whom got their own living.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, said that it was a quarrel. He had pushed the prosecutor, and the prosecutor had pushed him. They had known each other a long time, and were always quarrelling—he did not know why. It was their nature, he supposed. He further said that the prosecutor had given a false account of himself—that he went about under different names. Sometimes he was called Uranus, sometimes Herschel, and sometimes Georgian Sidus, and he had no character for regularity in the neighborhood. Indeed he was sometimes not to be seen for a long time at once.

The prosecutor, on being asked, admitted, after a little hesitation, that he had pushed and pulled the prisoner too. In the altercation which followed, it was found very difficult to make out which began; and the worthy magistrate seemed to think they must have begun together.

M. Arago: Prisoner, have you any family?

The prisoner declined answering that question at present. He said he thought the police might as well reckon it out, whether he had or not.

M. Arago said he didn't much differ from that opinion. He then addressed both prosecutor and prisoner, and told them that if they couldn't settle their difference without quarrelling in the streets, he should certainly commit them both next time. In the meantime, he called upon both to enter into their own recognizances; and directed the police to have an eye upon both, observing that the prisoner would be likely to want it a long time, and the prosecutor would not be a hair the worse for it.

THE EYE OF CONSCIENCE.—That the eye of conscience may be always quick and lively, let constant use be sure to keep it constantly open, and thereby ready and prepared to admit and let in those heavenly beams which are always streaming forth from God upon minds fitted to receive them. And to this purpose, let youth fly from every thing which may leave either a foulness or a bias upon it; let him dread every gross act of sin; for one great stab may as certainly destroy life as forty lesser wounds. Let him carry a jealous eye over every growing habit of sin; let him keep aloof from all commerce and fellowship with any vicious and base affection, especially from all sensuality; let him keep himself untouched with the unhallowed heats and the noisome steams and exhalations of intemperance; let him bear himself above that sordid and low thing, that utter contradiction to all greatness of mind, covetousness: let him disengage himself from the pelf of the world. Lastly, let him learn so to look upon the honors, the pomp and greatness of the world, as to look through them. Fools, indeed, are apt to be blown up by them and to sacrifice all for them; sometimes venturing their head only to get a feather in their cap.—Dr. South.

ANOTHER DUEL WITH A RUM BOTTLE.—The coroner was called on Friday, to a house in Baker st., Moyamensing, to hold an inquest on the body of a black man, about 35 years old, named White. From the testimony before the jury, it appeared that the deceased, in the course of the morning, drank no less than seven half pints of liquor, from the effects of which he expired. Verdict accordingly.

BEAUTIFUL INSCRIPTION.—During a recent visit to Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia, while wandering around among the sculptured monuments, we saw upon a plain slab of marble these simple, yet beautiful words:

Our Mother—She taught us how to Live and how to Die.

This is no doubt the tribute of affection which some motherless children have paid to their deceased parent, and the few words employed express more than could a volume of praise. She taught us how to live. How vast a field is embraced; the fear of God; early piety; love for one another; meekness and forbearance; faith, hope, love and charity; all the graces which adorn the Christian character, seemed to be combined in one short sentence. She imparted these to her children, and by teaching them how to live, she taught them how to die.

Would that every mother's epitaph might be written by her children in such a sentence. It is a light upon the memory of the deceased which casts its reflection upon the living.—Thursday Messenger.

Original Correspondence.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN, MAKES
COUNTLESS NUMBERS MOURN.

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

A more correct sentence was never penned; and though we pride ourselves, as a people, on having passed by the *dark ages*, the above sentence was never more applicable and oftener verified, than at the present day.

A circumstance occurred a few evenings since, which though small in itself, is nevertheless worthy the attention of the readers of your valuable paper. I give it as it took place, though the names are changed.

A man in *this city* who usually employs from five to eighteen mechanics, and is doing a good business, worth a fortune (*in money!*) and able to command an ordinary sum of money at a moment's notice, has been in the habit for a long time of paying his men on Saturday night, or if he chose on any other night that seemed to suit his convenience or pleasure, entirely regardless of the wants or necessities of the men in his employ.

We all know, at this season of the year especially, mechanics do not, as a general thing, make more than about enough to carry them from one week to another and keep themselves clear from the frown of the landlord, and the appearance of that haggard, ghostlike visitor, *Want*. But our employer gives himself no trouble about these enemies to our peace, for they are at a great distance from him; and, as will be seen by the following conversation, he gives himself no uneasiness as to the annoyance or unhappiness they may cause the honest men who feed, clothe, and furnish him and his family with the comforts and luxuries of life.

"Mr. Smith, would it be convenient for you to furnish me with a small sum of money to-night, say ten dollars? My rent is due; and it is necessary that I should get some things for the comfort of my wife and children."

"I do not wish to be troubled to-night, Mr. Jones; your rent, or something else, is always to be paid!—How often do you pay rent, Jones?"

"I try to pay it monthly—it is very hard for me to get enough together to pay quarterly, as I should be glad to do. But it would certainly be a great favor to me if you would accommodate me with that amount to-night, I have not heretofore asked for money, tho' there is now something more due me than I have asked for."

"Well, Mr. Jones, you need say no more; I don't wish, nor will I allow, my hands to dictate to me about my own affairs. I will attend to my own business. You may call at my office sometime next week and I will pay you. I shall not employ you after to-night."

No plainer evidence of a total want of regard for the comfort of those engaged in his service, could this man well have manifested. A heartless tyrant could scarcely have done more. There we see an honest mechanic, who had faithfully toiled for the pittance he asked, and which was his by right, not only refused with scorn, but even discharged from that employment which was necessary for his support and the maintenance of his family. Such men as this employer should be treated with utter contempt, by all honest mechanics; he is destitute of the least attribute which makes the MAN. Though I humbly trust we have but few employers like him among us, yet there is too little sympathy among our employers for those who perform their labor.

But how strikingly was the sentence above quoted verified in this instance. The mechanic had even lost his situation by asking for a part of his hard earned wages; but this to him was not the worst, his family felt the stroke more keenly than himself. They must do without the necessities of life, even though much

needed, merely to gratify the tyrannical disposition of this wealthy monster. But let him alone. His own conscience will admonish him in language not to be misunderstood. Let our mechanics look to these things; and study attentively their own interests. The "day of Jubilee" is not distant. MECHANICS! be of good cheer.

Yours,

A MECHANIC.

Albany, Jan. 11, 1847.

MAGNETISM.

(CONTINUED.)

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

If a long bar magnet be covered with iron filings, and then withdrawn from the heap, it will be found that a portion of the filings adhere to its surface, but in a very imperfect manner: large clusters will be suspended from the two extremities, but not a particle will be attached to the centre between them.

Sometimes a bar which has not been magnetized to saturation, will present points which have two consecutive poles.

Soft iron becomes magnetic by induction from a magnet. If a key or other piece of iron be held near one of the poles of a powerful loadstone or magnet, it will be found that series of iron falls and needles may be suspended from it. When the magnet is withdrawn they all immediately return to their neutral state.

The opposition of the poles may be shown by suspending to small iron cylinders side by side, in contact, and approaching them with the pole of a magnet. Each will become temporarily magnetic; and each will have its nearest end converted into an opposite pole to the magnet. The similar poles of the two cylinders, will consequently be in contact, but will immediately repel each other, and the cylinders will fly apart.

There are two forces in magnetism; or in other words, the north and south poles. Under no circumstances can one force be obtained in any form of iron, without the co-existence of an equal amount of the opposite force of the same mass; and if we fracture a magnet into any number of pieces, each fragment will still be a perfect magnet with contrary poles.

It is very common with the mass to call the end of the needle that points to the north, the *north pole*; and the opposite end the south. This is a great mistake, as the principles of attraction and repulsion will show. The north pole of one magnet attracts the south pole of another, and *vice versa*; therefore the magnetic pole at the north must be the *south pole* in reality, if that end of the needle which points to it be truly the *orth pole*. But such is not the case. It is the south pole that points to the north.

Powerful magnetic batteries are constructed by uniting a number of horse-shoe magnets, laying them one over the other with all their poles similarly arranged, and enclosing them in a copper case. Mr. Scoresby of England, a gentleman who has given great attention to this branch of science for several years past, has lately ascertained that great advantage arises from constructing of thin plates of hard steel, separated from each other by thin shavings of wood. A magnet thus formed of 196 plates, 15 inches long, and 1½ inch wide, rendered an iron nail weighing 500 grains magnetic, by induction, at a distance of 11 inches, so that it supported another weighing 389 grains, through a slab of marble seven-eighths of an inch thick.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

VIBRATIONS alter the molecular arrangement and strength of bodies while they last; so that if a weight of 90 lbs. be suspended from a copper band of three yards in length, 4-10ths of an inch wide, and 4-100ths of an inch thick, it will remain unchanged for any length of time; but if made to vibrate, it will become lengthened six or seven inches.

It by no means follows, however, that if a toper carries a brick in his hat, and even oscillates with a

'perfect looseness,' that his length will be increased in inches.

ELASTICITY acts, occasionally, against COHESION; and a beautiful instance of the *equilibrium* of these two forces is seen in the philosophical toy called Rupert's drop. This is a drop of melted glass, suddenly solidified by dropping it into water. It generally takes the shape of a retort, with a long slim neck; and its cohesion is so great that it will bear a pressure of 50 lbs. without crushing. Yet it is remarkably thin. If we take one of the drops in the hand, having a glove on, and break off the small point, the hand receives a violent shock; and upon opening it, nothing is to be seen but an impalpable powder, and that scarcely visible. Again, if we put one into a bottle under water, and break the point, or scratch the outside with a file, it will burst the bottle into a thousand fragments.

The lowest SOUND which can be called musical, is produced by 16 vibrations in a second of time; tho' according to the observation of Dr. Wollaston, some ears are so constituted as to be able to appreciate notes at both extremities of the scale, which are inaudible to others.

Some folks' ears are rather curious, then, in this respect. For our part, we can't comprehend how any body can hear *inaudible* notes; though we have a peculiar faculty ourself of appreciating the full value of a note by the eye—especially if it be *bankable*.

The OSCILLATIONS of a solid body are not confined to one direction; but may be longitudinal, transverse or rotatory, in every plane, or confined to one plane, accordingly as the impulse is communicated.

Just so with the toper above referred to. In the one case it is a *law of nature*; in the other, the '*nature of the beast*.' With the groggy gentleman, we can't exactly say there is an impulse given in any particular direction or plane; but it is nevertheless very plain, that, as unlike other pendulums, he carries the weight in his *hat*, the natural tendency must be to rotate in doubtful circles, or to extend his '*human form divine*' in as many planes as the nature of his *locality* will admit.

The relative *hardness* of a body is determined by its capability of *scratching* or *being scratched* by other bodies.

Just so; and that is precisely the reason why the Duke of Argyle set up the *scratching posts* in Scotland. He was probably afraid that if he undertook to scratch his unlucky countrymen *himself*, they might argue *hardness* of heart on his part, whereas his intentions were truly humane and generous. The consequence was, the aforesaid posts were erected, of the hardness of which, tradition hath not informed us—albeit we shrewdly imagine they afforded *hard scratching* to their customers.

The Journal des Debats publishes the following letter, dated Munich, 20th Oct., 1846:

"On Friday, the 16th October, a terrible storm, accompanied by lightning fell on the village of Schledorff, situated at three leagues distance from our Capitol, and in less than two hours it completely destroyed that large and handsome village, of which no trace remains. The greater number of the houses were broken to pieces by the tempest, and the remainder were set on fire by the lightning and totally consumed. The flames communicated to the neighboring forests, which continued burning for four days. During this disaster the thermometer marked at Munich 24 deg. Reaumur, and suffocating heat was experienced, an extraordinary fact in the month of October. The sky was of an ashy hue.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have in use an engine of twenty-five tons, which with the aid of a newly constructed snow plough, that cost only fifty dollars, carries a heavy train up a steep ascent, through snow drifts eight and nine feet deep.

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

"THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE."

ALBANY, JANUARY 21, 1847.

BOY WANTED,

At this office, to work at the Printing Business. One with some knowledge of the trade, and who resides in the city, would be preferred.

HOURS OF LABOR.

We promised in our last number, to resume this subject. We now proceed to redeem our promise, briefly as possible.

We said, 'there must be a change' in the system, and that the number of hours of labor must be reduced. The reduction must be such as to bring the per diem duration of toil down to the standard of reason, right and health. It is *unreasonable* to work operatives twelve, thirteen and fourteen hours, and not only unreasonable, but *unjust* and *unhealthy*. These points we think we established in our last number. If any doubt, and will give tongue to their skepticism, we bind ourselves to satisfy them with an avalanche of indubitable proof, for it lies at our hand, all cut and dried and ready, in the shape of English and French Parliamentary and Commission Reports, public and individual investigations, and *exposes* of the factory system of the United States.

Our present purpose is, to see *why* this proposed reduction should not take place.

That a change is really needed and loudly demanded, is not denied. Of course there are good reasons for the necessity and the call. The present system is a bad one; and the reform is one that employers should not set their faces against, for in so doing, they will gain for themselves the unenviable reputation acquired by the Egyptian task-masters, who so cruelly oppressed the toiling Hebrews whom they held in bondage. Setting aside the question of wages proportionate to the number of hours of labor and amount of work performed, let us look simply at the point under our more immediate notice.

Admitting, as every reasonable man must, the existing necessity for the change that is called for, there can therefore be no *good* argument employed against it. Those who suffer from the evils of the present system compose one of the largest, and certainly the most useful, classes of society. Their labor is incalculably valuable to employers, capitalists and the most substantial interests of the country. Their rights, and every thing conducive to their comfort and existence, must be attended to, and that too by the very classes who employ them and profit by their toil. If a system is allowed to exist which over-works the operative and taxes him beyond the bounds clearly set by Nature between the provisions of TOIL and REST, employed and employers must both be the losers. The employer cannot, of course, get as much good labor out of one who is worked into ill health, disarrangement of physical functions and general prostration of constitution, by a system that demands twelve or fourteen hours of labor out of the twenty-four, as he can from one whose time is more *equally* and *naturally* divided, and who is enabled, on account of reasonable time for recreation, to toil harder and better than the other. The present system, therefore, robs the laborer of much of his energy, and shortens his life; and thus the employer is himself a loser, ultimately, by the very system he so pertinaciously clings to. If convinced that a man who toils six days only in the week will live longer and accomplish more than another who works on all the seven, he must then admit, what is equally and incontrovertibly true, that he who works twelve or fourteen hours *per diem*, will do less and die earlier, than he who labors only ten hours per day.

Why, then, should not the change be made? Why should not the TEN HOUR SYSTEM prevail? REA-

SON, JUSTICE, PROFIT and NATURE, all demand that it should be made, and that speedily. The 'Almighty Dollar' does not, in this case, if the TRUTH was known and acknowledged, stand in the way of the reform. The pocket and all the selfish and mercenary interests that fill it, and cluster about it, opposeth no obstacles. Indeed, all these interests will be subserved by the change.

We hope to see legislative action on this subject this winter. We hope to see the operatives themselves, of every class, moving unitedly and intelligently in this matter. This is the time. The truth begins to be seen. In this reform, employers and employed will be found moving hand in hand, for the change, if ever effected, will certainly benefit both.

PAY OF LABOR.

It will be recollected, that in the first volume of the Mechanic's Mirror, we gave a specimen of the kind of payment which the Rochester workmen were compelled to take from their employers. We had intended to follow up the subject on some future occasion, and show the outrageous injustice, in all its deformity, of such a mode of cancelling obligations with the mechanic.

It is pretended that orders for part payment in store goods, is equivalent to cash, as they are had at cost. Occasionally, this may be so; but in nine cases out of ten it is not. On what grounds are we to take it for granted, that the merchant upon whom the orders are drawn will sell at cost? He must indeed be imbued with more than the usual share of the milk of human kindness, who, for the benefit of the poor mechanic, will dispose of his stock at prime cost. No; such is not the case. It is well known that for one dollar received in payment in this way, the poor man realizes but 75 cents; and the balance, in many cases, goes back into the pockets of the very employer who has thus imposed upon him. Are we asked how? It is a well known fact, capable of demonstration, that many of these employers are interested in the stores upon which their orders are drawn—that many are *wholly* owned and conducted by them, for the very purpose of thus robbing their unsuspecting victims of the miserable pittance for which they labor. Why, the thing is done, we are told on good authority, in this city.

We conceive that abuses of this character should be guarded against by legislative action. Laws are made for the protection of society; it is to this end that stealing, swindling and murder are forbidden and visited by the heaviest penalties; and yet what greater *stealing* or *swindling* can be perpetrated, than that of which we complain? In the old world, this same species of rascality created, some two years since, in Germany and Prussia, very serious riots in the larger cities.—We admit the provocation was greater there than it ever has been here; but the principle of the thing remains the same under all circumstances. It seems the manufacturers were in the habit of compelling their workmen to take cloth in full payment of their wages; and as they could in no way dispose of it but at a ruinous loss, the abuse led to a revolt, and finally to dangerous riots. The same mode of proceeding, it seems, reached Russia; and to convince our legislators that they have a precedent for protecting the mechanic against this most foul wrong, we will show how the 'powers that were,' stepped in and spoiled the calculations of the land sharks: (We translate from a Paris paper:)

'The Governor General of Moscow,' in order to arrest this deception, has published in that city, the following notice, which has been republished in the *St. Petersburg Journal*:

'Complaints having several times reached me, that certain manufacturers pay their workmen in merchandise, instead of giving them the money, to which they are entitled, in liquidation of their salary. These workmen not having the right to carry about and peddle these goods, are obliged to let them go at ruinous prices, besides losing time, that is precious to them, in seeking a purchaser. To put an end to this abuse,

manufacturers are hereby notified, that all who, hereafter shall pay their workmen in merchandise, thus depriving them of the remuneration to which they are entitled, shall be punished with the utmost rigor of the laws.'

We admit this and the Rochester case are not exactly parallel as to the facts; but they are as to principle. In both, the workmen are defrauded out of their 'remuneration, to which they are entitled,' namely, the MONEY. It is a shame that the legislators of an enlightened state, should remain to be taught so important and vital a truth, by the chief of a semi-barbarous people.

Let us turn the operation of this system of swindling upon the employer, and see how it works. A. applies to B. for 1000 yards of broadcloth, at \$4 per yard, payable on delivery. Well, the cloth is manufactured at great expense of stock and labor, and duly delivered to A. per agreement; whereupon A. promptly foots the bill by handing over, \$4000? No, but an order on the Swedish Consul at New-York, for \$4000 worth of Norwegian Rats, at cost! Would not the outrage be quite as legal, and equally as honest, as that which the manufacturer was, in the mean time, committing upon his workmen?

OUR SUCCESS.

•We must say a single word on this rather personal topic. This is our eighth number only, and yet in that brief space of time, our *Advocate* has attained to a circulation of more than 700 copies, exclusively among those who 'earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.' We return our most hearty thanks to our friends, for their prompt and generous patronage, and their almost numberless letters of encouragement. It shall be our constant endeavor to so perform our part in the enterprise in which we are engaged, as to retain the confidence of our 'troops of friends,' and prove to them by our deeds, that their favors are not thrown away. Lists of new subscribers continue to pour in upon us, and the *Advocate* is now permanently and surely established.

THIS NUMBER of the *Advocate*, we take pride in saying, is fully equal, if not a *little* superior, to any that have preceded it. It is filled with selected and original matter calculated to interest and benefit the class to whose welfare it is devoted. It will be our constant endeavor to render the *Advocate* all that a Mechanic's paper *should* be; and we are encouraged in our efforts by the heart cheering assurances, on all hands, of the support and approval of those for whom it is ever our delight to labor.

POLITICAL ACTION.—We are pleased to learn that the views expressed by us in former numbers of the *Advocate*, in relation to political action, by a judicious employment of the balance of power held by the mechanics, is every where favorably received, and that our friends are already taking the preliminary steps towards such an organization as shall secure the great object intended. This is right and in good time.

RACE'S SELF ACTING REGISTER OR REGULATOR FOR STOVES.—This perfect and beautiful combination of self regulator with the Air Tight Stove, is decidedly the best application of the self regulator yet invented, from the fact of the apparatus being placed on the outside of the stove, acting directly on the damper, and makes an appropriate ornament with a fine appearance. The proprietor is Mr. W. RACE, of Seneca Falls.

We are promised a cut, illustrative of the invention, which is necessary to a correct understanding of the principle and improvement, which we will give as soon as it comes to hand.

☞ The Pensacola Gazette, of the 2d says: "A British schooner, from Green Turtle Key, (one of the Bahama Islands) has arrived at Key West with fifty white emigrants, who had fled from that Island in consequence of an insurrection among the free negroes."

Our thanks are due to Mr. JOHN HARRISON, our Travelling Agent, and other gentlemen, for their promptness in sending in the results of the elections of Protections.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, from Auburn, Seneca Falls and Waterloo, since our last publication.

LITERARY NOTICES.

YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE ENTERPRISE.—This valuable and interesting little paper, which for five years has faithfully advocated the cause of Temperance among the youth of our state, has been, as will be seen by the Circular which we subjoin, placed in the hands of our friend SMITH, editor of the '*Son of Temperance and Rechabite*.' Under his control, it will increase its influence and circulation, and be made the means of doing much good among the young. We hope to hear of its wide circulation in Sunday Schools. We would recommend to our many friends and patrons, who may want a cheap, and at the same time interesting, temperance paper, to subscribe for the *Enterprise*. Terms 25 cents per annum, in advance.

CIRCULAR

To the Patrons and Friends of the "*Youth's Temperance Enterprise*."

With the character and objects of the *Youth's Temperance Enterprise*, you are already acquainted. It has now reached the completion of its fifth volume. From its commencement until the present time, it has, as you are doubtless aware, been conducted under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the Youth's State Temperance Society, who have discharged this arduous and voluntarily assumed duty, with much ability and complete success. But there are delays and difficulties incident to, and inseparable from, the publication and careful supervision of any periodical, under such circumstances. These have been felt by the Executive Committee, and to such a degree, that with the termination of the fifth volume, they determined, for the good of the *Enterprise*, to effect such an arrangement as would hereafter steer it clear of all difficulties, ensure its prompt publication, and ensure for it more care and attention than they could possibly bestow upon it, in connection with their business relations to themselves and others. With this purpose in view, the Committee, just previous to the late State Convention of the Society, offered to place the *Enterprise* and all its interests in my hands, upon the assurance that I would use my best efforts for its success, and in behalf of the important objects it has ever labored to accomplish. I closed with this proposal of the Committee, and with the first number of the New Volume, which will be issued in a few days, shall assume the proprietorship and control of the work.

It will be my purpose to make the *Enterprise* an interesting and valuable Temperance Paper for YOUTH, and especially for SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS. Its circulation is now 2000. This, with reasonable exertions on my part, and such aid as the friends of the paper may (I hope and believe will,) contribute in its behalf, can be increased to 4000 or 6000.

My design in presenting you with this Circular is, to earnestly request you, as friends of Temperance and of Sunday Schools, to use your best endeavors to increase the circulation of the *Enterprise* where it is received, and to introduce and aid it where it does not circulate, and may not be known. At present, it is taken mainly in Sunday Schools, and I shall be gratified to be able to increase its patronage in that great and interesting field of Temperance Labor.

All communications addressed to me, No. 24 Commercial Buildings, will be promptly attended to.

J. STANLEY SMITH.

Albany, January 1, 1847.

The New-York *Farmer and Mechanic*, one of the best Agricultural and Mechanical Journals in the country, has been changed from the common newspaper shape and size, to that of a large and handsome quarto. It is always filled with a variety of valuable and choice information, and is eminently worthy of success.

The Worcester *Evening Budget*, is the title of a small, beautifully printed and very ably conducted daily paper, just started at Worcester, Mass. Its editorials are sound and well-written, and all its selected matter good. It should be liberally patronized.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Twenty ounces of gun cotton, lately used in blasting, removed a rock weighing seventy tons.

The regular troops at Tampa, (Florida) have been ordered to Mexico—and eighty Volunteers from Florida have been called for to garrison the fort of Tampa.

We learn that the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen has been elected President of the American Peace Society, the late incumbent, Samuel E. Cones, Esq., of Portsmouth, having resigned.

It has been ascertained by Lieut. Emery that the altitude of Santa Fe above St. Louis, Mo., is 6031 feet.

Thirty wagon loads of provisions are despatched weekly from Bent's Fort to Santa Fe.

About 100,000 bushels of wheat are remaining over in Buffalo for winter storage.

There are six recruiting offices now open in Boston.

The health of the Hon. J. Q. Adams has much improved. He has been able to attend church.

Albert J. Tyrrell is on trial at Boston for the crime of arson.

The Grand Jury of Reading have directed the commissioners to appropriate \$1000 for the use of the volunteers going to the Mexican war.

A man, convicted of killing his wife and children, in Pendleton county, Va., in May last, was executed on the 19th ult., in presence of a large concourse of spectators.

The Vienne Dancers presented Capt. Bailey, of the Yorkshire, a silver pitcher, for his kindness to them on the voyage.

A negro insurrection was planned near Memphis neighborhood, and discovered. Considerable excitement had taken place, and the city guard considerably increased. On the night of the proposed insurrection, a house was set on fire. Several negroes had been arrested, and confessed the fact of the intended insurrection.

It is said that the Post Master General refuses to sanction the action of the board of directors in suspending the Sunday morning mail line between New York and Philadelphia, and that it will be continued.

A clerk in the Post Office at Lyons, N. Y., has been arrested at Fort Covington, Franklin county, on a charge of robbing the Post Office. He has been fully committed for trial by Judge Conklin, at Auburn.

The citizens of Pittsburg are about to procure a splendid sword and forward it to Lieutenant James L. Parker, of the U. S. Navy, as a token of their admiration of his gallant conduct under the guns of San Juan d'Ulloa, when the Mexican brig Creole was burned by himself and several of his brave companions.

The bill reported to the House by the Committee of Ways and Means, authorizes the borrowing of \$23,000,000, either by the issue of Treasury Notes, or by Loans, at the discretion of the Executive.

'Yankee Doodle,' in giving the New York household market, says—'Babies are easy, and holders are much relieved.'

It is stated that there are known to be in the city of New York, not less than 200 deserters from the several regiments which have been equipped and sent, during the past six months, from that port.

The American Baptist Missionary Union have raised during the year \$90,000, and sent out eleven new missionaries.

Mr. A. Buffum, a member of the 'National Association of Inventors,' has made a discovery in rotary engines which he thinks will take the lead of all others. Mr. B.'s plan has the merit of simplicity, and looks as plausible as any plan for a rotary car. He expects to be able to furnish a ten horse power engine for \$50, and one that will not occupy more than two square feet of room.

The number of condensing cards in operation in 1845 in the United States was as follows, viz: In Maine,

44 sets, New Hampshire, 81, Vermont, 113, Rhode Island, 79, Connecticut, 230, New York, 446, Massachusetts, 484, New Jersey, 19, Pennsylvania, 147, Delaware, 12, Maryland, 27, Virginia, 24, Ohio, 97, Kentucky, 12, Indiana, 6, and Illinois, 6, making in all 1845 sets, exactly corresponding with the date of the year.

A friend of ours having attended a 'star' sermon of a celebrated divine, who had taken immense pains to impress upon his audience that 'Man is dust,' became so thoroughly convinced that, upon being asked by a creditor on the following day to 'down with the dust,' he struck the unhappy man, and knocked him sprawling upon the ground.

It is a curious fact that Hugh Middleton, who undertook to bring a river of pure water above thirty-eight miles out of its natural course for the supply of London, experienced innumerable difficulties in procuring support, and when he at length accomplished it, he was ruined. The New River, which was his work, now supplies thirteen millions of gallons of water every day, and a share in the company, which was at first sold for £100, is now worth £15,000.

The population of Massachusetts in 1790, was 378,787; in 1800, it was 422,845, an increase of 11.631-33 per cent.; in 1810, the population was 472,040, an increase of 11.63428 per cent.; in 1820, it was 523,287, an increase of 10.85649 per cent.; in 1830, it was 610,048, an increase of 16.64579 per cent.; in 1840, it was 737,700, an increase of 20.85359 per cent.

ELECTIONS, M. M. P.

Protection No 1, Lockport, meets Friday evening—Officers: Wm Mack, SP; Joel Cranston, JP; B F Armstrong, RS; E U Lewis, FS; Sam Cooper, T.

Protection No 2, Rochester, meets Wednesday evening—Officers: Wm Dunbar, SP; M Moot, JP; J A Harrison, RS; Nelson Weed, FS; C C Lunt, T.

Protection No 4, Schenectady, meets Wednesday evening—Officers: J Wheelock, SP; A C Van Epps, JP; N A Vedder, RS; J I Vedder, FS; Ernestus Putnam, T.

Protection No 5, New-York, meets Tuesday evening—Officers: John Day, SP; J A Heath, JP; H Hadkins, RS; N Sweeney, FS; C S Abbot, T.

Protection No 6, Lockport, meets Monday evening—Officers: Isaac Warren, SP; C C Church, JP; J Wilber, RS; N Botsford, FS; S Sult, T.

Protection No 9, Waterloo, meets Friday evening—Officers: W S Brooks, SP; S W Childs, JP; S Keyes, RS; A G Story, FS; S Pew, T.

Protection No 10, Troy, meets Wednesday evening—Officers: J B Clow, SP; C Theps, JP; R Green, RS; A Goodspeed, FS; L Sterne, T.

Protection No 14, Geneva, meets Thursday evening—Officers: M C Wright, SP; W B Dunning, JP; G J Anderson, RS; C T Coddington, FS; W W Greer, Treasurer.

Protection No 18, N. York, meets Monday evening—Officers: S E Griffin, SP; T Boyne, JP; S Crockett, RS; H Merrel, FS; A Ellis, T.

Protection No 20, Frankfort, meets Monday evening—Officers: E S Cady, SP; E L Hagar, JP; A D Keeler, RS; J Dygert, FS; J W Hungerford, T.

Protection No 21, Albany, meets Friday evening—J Munsell, SP; Wm Chase, JP; E A Jordan, RS; D B Holt, FS; B F Austin, T.

Protection No 22, Albany, meets Monday evening—Officers: Benj Marsh, SP; Lemuel Wooster, JP; Samuel Carter, RS; B J Van Benthuyzen, FS; A W Gates, Treasurer.

Protection No 26, Ithaca, meets Monday evening—Officers: S H Holmes, SP; L Millsbaugh, JP; A E Barnaby, RS; Peter Apgar, FS; Edwin Sydney, T.

Protection No 27, Canandaigua, meets — evening—Officers: S S Briggs, SP; J W Downing, JP; A G Granger, RS; Thos Newman, FS; Chas Coy, T.

Protection No 28, New-York, meets Friday evening—P Byrne, SP; W Whitehill, JP; I A Campbell, RS; A W Moore, FS; H A Miller, T.

Protection No 30, Syracuse, meets Friday evening—Officers: J N Wilson, SP; E Robbins, JP; N P Oles, RS; T S Truax, FS; T C Coleman, T.

Protection No 32, Salina, meets — evening—Officers: S. Smith, SP; L C Pratt, JP; E J Richmond, RS; E W Baxter, FS; E L Hills, T.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Monday, January 18, 1847.

Flour—The news from abroad has tended to stiffen the market, and some holders have asked \$5 75 for Genesee. The few sales have been at \$5 62, and there were more buyers than sellers at this rate. The sales were about 2000 barrels Western, including City Mills, at \$5 53; 300 Troy at \$5 62, and Genesee at the same figure. 2000 brls Ohio at 4 31 5 44 for round hoop and 5 50 for flat hoop. Rye Flour \$4 44 12.—Buckwheat \$5 50.

Grain—The news has given much animation to Corn. Sales 4000 bus. including new Southern, at 74, 76 and 78c; 2500 do. old Southern at 75c, and 1850 do. white at 80c. Market 1 to 2c per bu. higher than Saturday. 3000 bu. Rye for export at 80c. Oats firm at 44 to 45c for Northern. Barley, no sales.

Provisions—The upward movement of Pork continues. The sales to-day are considerable. The market is in the hands of the speculators. Sales 3000 brls at \$9 62 10 for Prime, and 11 75 12 for Mess. Extra Mess \$12 50. Market closed at the higher rate. Beef is very firm at \$6 62 7 50 and 8 75 9 50 for Country and City. Beef Hams 5c. Some inquiry exists at \$14 for Prime Mess Beef. Sales 50 brls new pickled Hams at 7 1/2c. Butter is in good inquiry and the market is firmer. Cheese in fair demand at 6 to 8c, with some choice dairy bringing as high as 9c.

Tobacco—The market is inactive, and a sale of 60 bales Yara at 40c, 4 mos. By auction, 25 bales Cuba and Havana sold at 13 27c, cash; 30 hds Kentucky 3 1-8 5 1-4, average \$4 02; and 16 do 2 1-4 1-4, average \$3 23, 4 mos.

Whalebans—Farther sales of 30,000 lbs North-west Coast, for export, at 35c cash, the former price.

Zinc—Sales have been made of 200 casks Belgian sheet, on terms not made public.

Bricks—Hard North River are in better supply, and prices are less steady, the market being rather unsettled; some have been sold as low as \$3 50, but \$4 is the more general price, while in some instances 4 50, cash, is demanded.

Coal—Foreign is in fair supply; 150 tons Liverpool Orrel sold on terms not learned; the last sale previously was at \$7 50, 4 mos.

Coffee—The market continues very firm, and prices of Brazil have experienced some farther improvement. The sales include 500 bags Brazil at 7 1-2 a 7 3-4c; 500 Sumatra, 7 1-2; 850 Green and White Java, 8 1-2 a 9 1-2; and 200 old White Maracaibo, 9—4 mos.

Asbes—In pots there is some improvement and 4 48 was offered. Holders ask \$5. Of pearls a few bbls sold at 5 50.

Naval Stores—No sales of turpentine for export have been made for several weeks past. The market for spirits turpentine recently, has been rather unsettled: sales of 150 casks for export at 45c; and in lots as wanted at 45 1/2, both cash.

Molasses—New Orleans has farther advanced 1 1/2c, with sales of 300 bbls at 34 35 cts, the latter price for immediate delivery; 3400 do 33c; and 140 do New Iberia, 35, both to arrive; 50 hds Trinidad Cuba sold at 25c, 4 mos.

Fruit—The stock of Malaga Raisins having increased, the market is dull, the sales in small lots reaching but 1,000 boxes Bunch at \$1 45 1 50; 1,500 half do. 80 cts; and 1,500 quarter do 45; 2,000 drums Turkey Figs, 8, less 3 per cent for cash; 4500 bushels N. C. Peanuts, \$1 18 3-4 \$1 25, cash.

Oils—American Linseed remains very dull, with small sales at 57c cash. Crude sperin has farther advanced, 500 1000 bbls here having changed hands, part if not all, at \$1 02 1-2; manufactured is very firm at our quotations.

Fish—There has been nothing done in Dry Cod.—Mackerel are firm; 400 bbls have changed hands at \$3 50 for No. 1, and \$5 50 for No. 2, and \$4 25 for No. 3. About 400 bbls Gibbed Herring sold at \$3; and some scaled, 75c.

Sugars—There has continued a fair demand, and prices of White Havana, the stock of which is now much reduced, are a little higher; while, on the contrary, those of New Orleans are rather lower—of both these, a portion of the sales has been to go out of the market; they include 300 hds New Orleans at 7 1/2 3-8 cts; 50 Porto Rico, 8; 200 bxs Brown Havana, 7 a 7 1-2; and 1,600 White do 7 3-4 1-3, 4 mos.

Rice—The entire sales of the week amount to about 500 tes, at \$3 62 1-2 a \$4 25, cash, embracing all descriptions, from fair broken to the best on hand.

BOSTON MARKET—Saturday, Jan. 16.

Flour, meets a more steady demand, and considerable sales have been made of Genesee at \$5 26 5 56, and Ohio \$5 25 5 37 per brl.

Grain—The market presents but little change, and the sales have been for yellow flat Corn 70 1/2 75c.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

THE HOME JOURNAL FOR 1847.

THE JANUARY NUMBER.

We regret (and we do not regret) to say that we are under the necessity of breaking up the present series, and commencing a new volume of the HOME JOURNAL in January—the demand for the first and second numbers having so far exceeded our calculations, that we can no longer supply the new subscribers, who naturally wish to commence with the beginning. Our kind friends, who will have received five numbers of the Home Journal, will submit willingly, we hope, to the having two or three extra papers to bind with the volume for 1847; and the new arrangement will be a great convenience to the distant subscribers, who had only heard of our present series after its first numbers were exhausted, and who now can fairly commence the new Volume with the New Year. We shall issue, therefore, No. 1 of our new volume on the 21st of January, and, thereafter, keep even pace with Father Time's old-fashioned beginnings and endings.

The following are the only terms on which the Home Journal is furnished to subscribers:—

One copy for one year, \$2 00

Three copies, to one address, 5 00

Those who wish to subscribe, and commence with the January number, are requested to send at once to the Office of Publication, No. 107 Fulton street.

Agents supply single copies only.

Geo. P. Morris.

d31

N. P. Willis.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The course of Lectures for the present season will be continued as follows:—

Tuesday, Dec. 22—Rev. John Williams of Schenectady. Subject—The History of Paris.

Friday, Dec. 25—Prize Essays by A. H. Cragin and Daniel Shaw, of Albany.

Jan. 2—David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia.

Tuesday, Jan. 5—Rev. John O. Choules, of Boston. Subject—Oliver Cromwell.

Friday, Jan. 8—Rev. John Choules, of Boston. Subject—Oliver Cromwell.

Tuesday, Jan. 12—Fletcher Webster, esq., of Boston.

Friday, Jan. 15—Fletcher Webster, esq., of Boston.

Tuesday, Jan. 19—Samuel Stevens, esq., of Albany.

Subject—The Duties and Responsibilities of the present age.

Friday, Jan. 22—Pres. H. Humphrey, late of Amherst College. Subject—The Prophecy of History.

Tuesday, Jan. 25—Rev. Jno. N. Campbell, D. D., of Albany. Subject—The History of the Jews.

Friday, Jan. 29—Hon. William H. Seward.

Tuesday, Feb. 2—Rev. A. A. Wood, of West Springfield. Subject—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Friday, Feb. 5—Hon. William Parmerlee.

Tuesday, Feb. 9—Rev. C. Wadsworth, of Troy.

Friday, Feb. 12—Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, of Albany.

Subject—The wars with the Esopus Indians.

Tuesday, Feb. 16—Clarkson N. Potter, esq., of Union College. Subject—Mohammed.

Friday, Feb. 19—Theodore R. Van Ingen, esq., of Schenectady. Subject—Progress.

Tuesday, Feb. 22 (Washington's birthday)—Dr. Wm. B. Sprague. Subject—Washington.

Friday, Feb. 26—Rev. S. D. Burchard, of New York city. Subject—The History and Uses of Poetry.

Tuesday, March 2—Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, of Albany. Subject—The Earl of Chatham.

Friday, March 5—Alfred B. Street, esq., of Albany.

Tuesday, March 9—Prof. Taylor Lewis, of N. York University.

HOOPER C. VAN VORST,

Chairman Lec. Committee.

d31

Messrs. GOODWIN & MCKINNEY having purchased my interest in the HAT AND CAP establishment, No. 3 Exchange, I cheerfully recommend them to the public for a share of that patronage so liberally bestowed upon me. Their experience in the business will be a sufficient guaranty that all articles in their line that are offered to the public for style and beauty of finish, will not be excelled in this or any other city.

LE GRAND SMITH.

HAT EMPORIUM.

GOODWIN & MCKINNEY, successors to Le Grand Smith, manufacturers and dealers in HATS, CAPS, and FURS, No. 3, Exchange, Albany. We earnestly solicit the continuation of the former patronage to this establishment, assuring them that they shall be served to the best of our abilities, and to their perfect satisfaction.

ALFRED GOODWIN.]

d10.

[A. M. MCKINNEY.

T. H. MOAKLEY, Sail-maker and Rigger, corner of State street and the Dock, Albany. Awnings, Bags, Cot and Sacking bottoms, Canvas, Duck, Twine, Bunting, Rope, &c.

N. B. Flags of all kinds made to order.

d17

PICTORIAL BOOK BINDING.

NEW and elegant specimens of Binding for HARPER'S BIRLE and VERPLANK'S SHAKESPEARE, to which the attention of the public is solicited, at

H. H. HOFFMAN'S, No. 71 state st, Albany.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Mechanic's Advocate.—We have received the first number of this paper, published at Albany, N. Y., by J. Tanner, late publisher of the Mechanics' Mirror. The Advocate is published in octavo form, large pages, at \$1 a year, and is devoted to "the interests of the Mechanic, Mutual Protection and the Elevation of Labor." We are much pleased to see brother Tanner in the field again, laboring to achieve the triumph of that foundation principle of Mutual Protection, 'The Laborer is worthy of his hire.' There are now two weekly papers published at Albany, and both aiming at the same object—the Mechanics' Journal and the Mechanic's Advocate, both of which are ably conducted, and the editors of which are mechanics. May they each reap a rich harvest as a remuneration for their industry and enterprise.—*Ithaca Advocate*.

The Mechanic's Advocate, is the title of a very handsome weekly paper just commenced in Albany, by John Tanner. It is devoted to the interests of the Mechanic, and the elevation of Labor. It embraces the choicest selections from the best works, original articles from the pens of eminent Mechanics, list of inventions, and the most important and stirring news of the week in a condensed form. We commend it to the attention of our fellow craftsmen. It is published in quarto form at \$1 per annum, in advance. Address John Tanner, No. 24 Commercial Buildings, Albany.—*Columbia Republican*.

Mechanic's Advocate.—We have received the two first numbers of a paper recently started in Albany entitled the *Mechanic's Advocate*. It is a splendid little sheet, and is devoted to the interests of Mechanics—than which no class in community have suffered longer or more deeply. It is edited by John Tanner, whose editorials indicate a well disciplined mind, and love for that class whose interests and claims he ably, eloquently, and vigorously defends.

Copies of this excellent journal may be seen at our office. Will not our Mechanics do something for the support of this paper? Subscriptions will be received at this office.—*Brockport Watchman*.

The Mechanic's Advocate, is the title of a new weekly paper, published and edited by John Tanner, Esq., at Albany. It is devoted, as its title implies, to the interests of the Mechanics of our country, the elevation of labor, and the dissemination of useful information. It bids fair to be a well conducted journal, of much benefit to the class whose cause it espouses—and while it is an undisputed fact, that journals devoted to interests far less important, receive a generous support, we hope to be able to chronicle the fact that a munificent patronage has placed the publication of this journal on a permanent basis. We cheerfully commend it to our Mechanic friends, and hope it will receive, as it merits, a liberal support.

It is published at the low price of one dollar per annum.—*Ontario Messenger*.

Mechanic's Advocate.—We have received the first No. of a neatly printed paper bearing the above title, published at Albany, by John Tanner, editor and proprietor, and devoted to the interests of the numerous class of mechanics of this country, and to the elevation of labor as the all-important pursuit which gives life and energy and activity to every other. Judging from the specimen before us, the editorial as well as the mechanical department of the "Advocate" will be sustained with credit to its proprietor, and no doubt prove serviceable to that portion of our fellow citizens whose cause it has espoused. It is to be published weekly, at \$1 per annum.—*Saratoga Repub.*

"Mechanic's Advocate".—This is the title of an excellent paper, "devoted to the interests of the Mechanic, Mutual Protection, and the elevation of Labor," the publication of which has recently been commenced in Albany by John Tanner. The "Advocate" is ably edited and neatly printed, and we should be pleased to see it in the hands of every Mechanic with whom we are acquainted. It ought to have an extensive circulation.—*Wash. Co. Post*.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The subscriber has opened a Boot and Shoe Store at No. 3 Delavan House, Broadway, where he intends to make to order first rate Boots and Shoes; and will warrant them to fit as well, if not better, than those of any other shop in the city. He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine his stock; assuring them that no pains will be spared to give them entire satisfaction.

The subscriber has just returned from New York with a choice selection of manufactured Boots and Shoes, which he thinks will be found on trial a choice article.

d3

D. D. RAMSAY.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Any quantity of old Newspapers and Pamphlets in sheets, suitable for wrapping paper.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

Read at the New England Society's Festival at N. Y.
Dec. 22, 1846, by ALLEN C. SPOONER.

'Twas in my easy chair at home,
About a week ago,
I sat and puffed my light segar
As usual, you must know.

I mused upon the Pilgrim flock,
Whose luck it was to land
Upon almost the only rock
Among the Plymouth sand.

In my mind's eye, I saw them leave
Their weather-beaten bark—
Before them spread the wintry wilds,
Behind rolled ocean dark.

Alone that little handful stood
While savage foes lurked nigh,
Their creed and watchword, 'Trust in God,
And keep your powder dry.'

Imaginations pencil then
That first stern winter painted,
When more than half their number died
And stoutest spirits fainted.

A tear unbidden filled one eye,
My smoke had filled the other;
One sees strange sights at such a time
Which quite the senses bother.

I knew I was alone—but lo!
(Let him who dares, deride me;)
I looked, and, drawing up a chair,
Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air
Was somewhat strange and foreign;
He civilly returned my stare,
And said, 'I'm Richard Warren!

You'll find my name among the list
Of hero, sage and martyr,
Who, in the Mayflower's cabin, signed
The first New England charter.

I could some curious facts impart—
Perhaps, some wise suggestions—
But then, I'm bent on seeing sights,
And running o'er with questions.

'Ask on,' said I, 'I'll do my best
To give you, information,
Whether of private men you ask,
Or our renowned nation.'

Says he, 'First tell me what is that
In yon compartment narrow,
Which seems to dry my eyeballs up,
And scorch my very marrow.'

His finger pointed to the grate—
Said I, 'that's Lehigh coal,
Dug from the earth—he shook his head—
'It is, upon my soul!'

I then took up a bit of stick,
One end as black as night,
And rubbed it quick across the hearth,
When lo, a sudden light!

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch—
'What necromancy's that,' he cried—
Quoth I, 'A Friction match.'

Upon a pipe just overhead,
I turned a little screw,
When forth, with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew.

Uprose my guest; 'Now Heaven me save,'
Aloud he shouted, then
'Is that hell fire?' 'Tis gas,' said I,
'We call it hydrogen.'

Then forth into the fields we strolled,
A train came thundering by,
Drawn by the snorting iron steed,
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Far streamed the smoky cloud,
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forest bowed.

Down on his knees, with hands upraised
In worship, Warren fell;
'Great is the Lord our God,' cried he,
'He doeth all things well.'

'I've seen his chariots of fire,
The horsemen, too, thereof;
O, may I ne'er forget his ire,
Nor at his threatenings scoff.'

'Rise up, my friend, rise up,' said I,
'Your terrors all are vain;
That was no chariot of the sky,
'Twas the New York mail train.'

We stood within a chamber small—
Men came the news to know,
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,
Texas and Mexico.'

It came—it went—silent and sure—
He stared, smiled, burst out laughing;
'What witchcraft's that?' 'It's what we call
'Magnetic telegraphing.'

Once more we stepped into the street?
Said Warren, 'What is that
Which moves along across the way
As softly as a cat?

I mean the thing upon two legs,
With feathers on its head—
A monstrous hump below its waist,
Large as a feather bed.

It has the gift of speech, I hear;
But shure it can't be human!
'My amiable friend,' said I,
'That's what we call a woman.'

'Eternal powers! it cannot be,'
Sighed he, with voice that faltered;
'I loved the women in my day,
But, oh! they're strangely altered.'

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens,
A labor-saving hennerly,
That beats the very dickens.

Thereat, he strongly grasped my hand,
And said, 'Tis plain to see
This world is so transmogrified,
'Twill never do for me.

Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
Your gas lights, friction matches,
Your hump-backed women, rocks for coal,
Your things which chickens hatch,

Have turned the earth so upside down,
No peace is left within it;
Then, whirling round upon his heel,
He vanished in a minute.

Forthwith, my most veracious pen
Wrote down what I had heard;
And here, dressed up in doggerel rhyme,
You have it, word for word.

ELIHU BURRIT AT NEWCASTLE.

On Thursday this eminent man arrived, to pay a visit to this district for a week. On Friday he lectured in the Music Hall lecture room. Long before the hour of meeting the immense hall was completely crammed. At seven o'clock Mr. James Pringle, the venerable minister of the Secession Church in the town, took the chair and introduced the lecturer, who was received with the most enthusiastic plaudits. The lecture was upon peace and Universal Brotherhood, and was delivered with Mr. Burrit's wonted earnestness and energy of tone, the enthusiasm of which, as we heard many of the audience say afterward, seemed to diffuse a holy feeling throughout the meeting. The topic discussed was the Genius of Christianity as an antagonism to War. Upon the motion of Mr. H. Christopherson, Baptist minister, seconded by Mr. J. Finley, town Councillor, the thanks of the meeting, embodying a hearty sympathy with the principles enunciated, were given to Mr. Burrit, who on rising to return thanks, seemed affected by the feeling displayed by the meeting, and said he had no power by which he could describe his feelings, in acknowledgement of this kind reception. He, alone man, wandering up and down this great kingdom, felt stimulated beyond his strength at the reception with which his scheme of a World's League of Universal Brotherhood had met—a scheme he first tremblingly enunciated. He said, by Christmas, he expected to have ten thousand British and American names signed to the bond. Then he would leave this country, and visit the European continent; and supported by his ten thousand brethren he would visit France and Germany, there to agitate his views. At this meeting there was one cheering sign of the times worthy of note. It was this—that the great body of the meeting seemed to be composed of working men who paid a profound attention to the lecture, and seemed to enter so heartily into the spirit of the meeting. Contrasted with their obstructive policy of some four or five years ago when they had to be kept at bay by policemen and door-keepers, the appearance of progress is cheering and kindly, indicating better days.—*English paper.*

MUFFS AND ROBES—At No. 3 Exchange.

Received this morning the largest and best selected assortment ever offered to the public, consisting of

MUFFS—Fine Isabella Bear, Stone do, Black do, Grisley do; Blue Fox, Wood do, Red do; Nat. Lynx, Taft do, Black do.

Together with a large assortment of Chinchella Grey Squirrel, Wolf, imitation Lynx, black and natural Jenett and Coney.

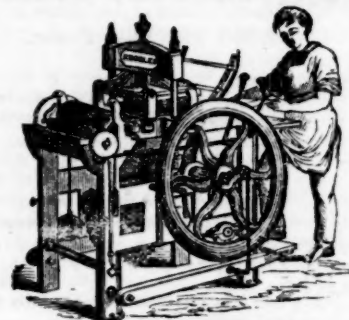
ROBES—Trimmed: Martin, Jenett, Wolf and Coon. Untrimmed: No. 1 Buffalo Robes. No. 1 extra assorted do. Indian tanned do.

GLOVES—Gentlemen's driving Plucked and Unplucked Otter and Seal Gloves. Ladies' Otter and Musk Riding Gloves.

CAPS—Otter, Seal, Nutria, Musk, Boas, silk Plush, Fur Trimmed, Cloth, Youth's, and Children's Velvet.

Also, Bows, Neck Ties, Umbrellas and Canes, which are offered to the public at a small advance. Purchasers will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. d10 GOODWIN & McKINNY, 3 Exchange.

BOOK, PLAIN AND FANCY



JOB PRINTING,

Nos. 14 & 15 Commercial Buildings.

OFFICE OF

THE SON OF TEMPERANCE AND RECHABITE.

BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 3 Delavan House, Broadway, Albany.—The subscriber having removed his Boot and Shoe Store from North Pearl street to the above place, is now ready to execute all orders with which he may be favored. [d3] DAVID D. RAMSAY.

HENRY R. HOFFMAN, Book-Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer, No. 71 State street (up stairs), Albany. Plain and Fancy Binding executed in the first style of the art. Blank Books manufactured to any pattern. d3

ALBANY CIGAR DEPOT.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has continually on hand for sale, a large and excellent assortment of Regalia, Principe Havana, and L'Norma Cigars, which he offers on the most advantageous terms, to wholesale or retail dealers. d10 CHARLES W. LEWIS.

DANIEL TRUE, Die Sinker, may be found at No. 585 Broadway. Engraves Seals, Door Plates, &c. Cuts book-binders' Stamps and Dies, also Jeweler's and Silver-smiths' Dies, &c. d10

AMERICAN PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

DR. N. S. DEAN,

Nos. 19 and 21, Norton st., Albany, has established an INFIRMARY, for the reception of patients, who are afflicted with various acute and chronic diseases. His charges for board and medical attendance are moderate. His BATHING ROOMS are in complete order. Warm, Cold, Shower, Sulphur and Medicated Baths in readiness at all times, for the accommodation of his patients, and of the citizens generally.

Single baths 25 cents; 6 tickets for one dollar. Dr. Dean employs in his practice vegetables only, as experience and practice have proved sufficient (without resort to mineral poisons,) to cure or alleviate all diseases to which the human family are subject, tenders his services and medicines to the public, satisfied that a trial of them will convince the most skeptical and unbelieve of their value and efficacy, are

His medicines are all prepared upon scientific principles, from vegetable substances only, and have stood the test of more than twenty years. Among his medicines, which have effected many surprising cures, after all mineral remedies had failed, and of which abundant certificates of the most respectable persons in this city and vicinity will be given.

DR. DEAN'S INDIAN'S PANACEA, for the cure of Consumption, Scrofula, or King's Evil, Incipient Cancer, Syphilis and Mercurial Diseases, particularly Ulcers and Painful Affection of the Bones, Ulcerated Throat and Nostrils, Ulcers of every description, Rheumatism, Sciatica or Hip Gout, Fever Sores and Internal Abscesses, Fistulas, Scald Head, Scurvey, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Cutaneous Diseases, Chronic Catarrhs, Ashma, and Headache from particular causes, Pain in the Stomach and Dyspepsia, proceeding from vitiation, Affections of the Liver, Chronic Induration of the Kidneys, and general debility. It is singularly efficacious in renovating those constitutions which have been broken down by injurious treatment or juvenile irregularities. In general terms, it is recommended in all those diseases which arise from impurities of the blood or vitiation of the humors of whatever name or kind.

Rheumatic Oil, an Indian specific. This oil has effected cures when all other remedies have failed, and needs but a trial to prove its efficacy, in the most inveterate cases. It is also an effectual remedy in cases of Bruises, Contracted Sinews, Scalds and Burns.